

HEROES

CHAPTER 22

Hell's Angel

The man in horned-rimmed glasses, Mr. Bennet, has dealt with many individuals with fantastic abilities. Most were faceless entities, those to be "bagged and tagged."

A very few became friends. And one he would encounter early in his career, who would become the most special person in his life: the girl called Claire.



TEXAS. AFTER
MIDNIGHT. 1992.

IT WASN'T THE *FIRST*
BAG AND TAG THAT
I'D RUN WITH CLAUDE.

THIS WOMAN
WE'RE AFTER, HAS
SHE MANIFESTED
AN *ABILITY*?

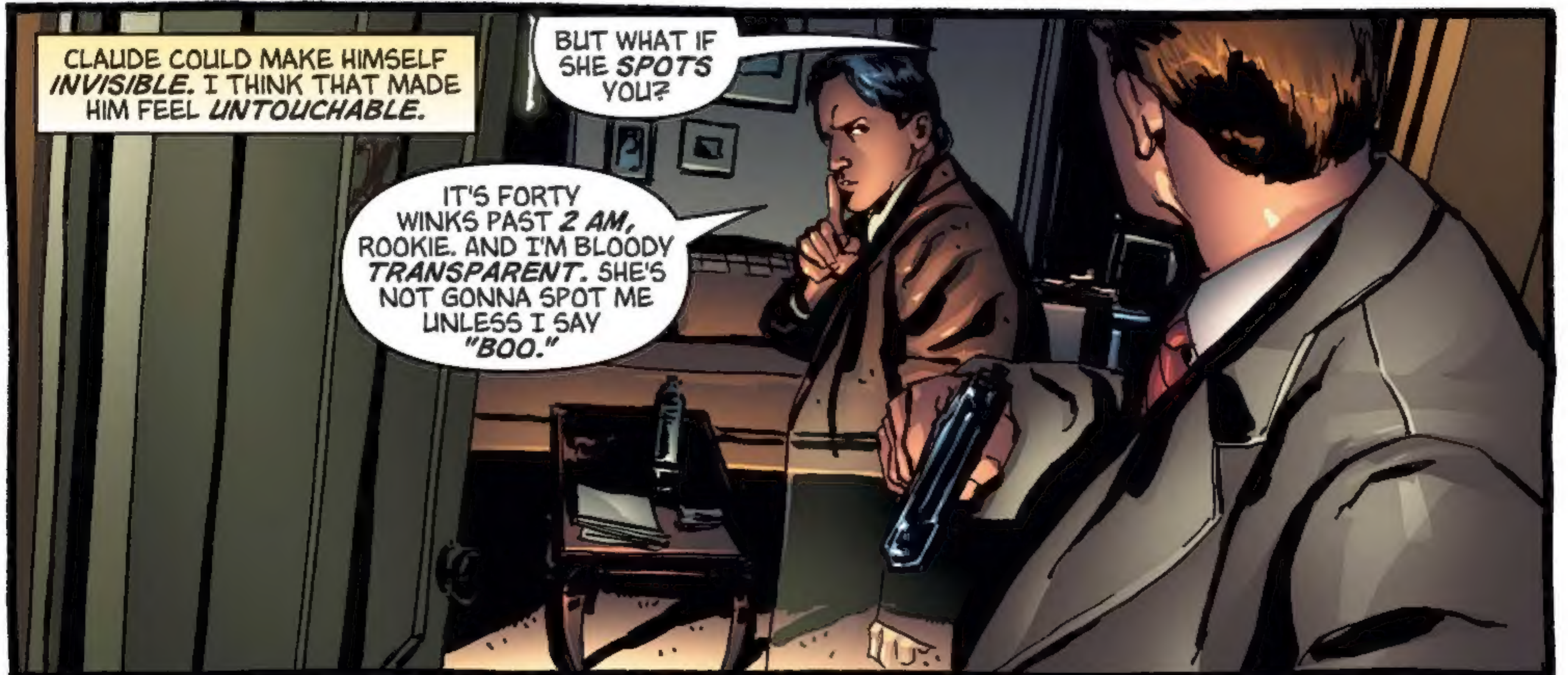
NOT A *CLUE*.
BUT THAT'S THE
FUN, RIGHT? NEVER
KNOWIN' *WHAT*
WE'RE GONNA
GET.



WE'D BEEN PARTNERS FOR
A WHILE. I WAS STILL A
ROOKIE. HE WAS THE *PRO*.

ISN'T THIS
DANGEROUS? NOT
KNOWING WHAT WE'RE
WALKING *INTO*?

"WE'RE" NOT
WALKING INTO ANYTHING.
YOU'RE STAYING OUT HERE
AND KEEPING *WATCH* LIKE
A GOOD DOGGY, WHILE I DO
THE HEAVY LIFTIN'.



CLAUDE COULD MAKE HIMSELF
INVISIBLE. I THINK THAT MADE
HIM FEEL *UNTOUCHABLE*.

BUT WHAT IF
SHE *SPOTS*
YOU?

IT'S FORTY
WINKS PAST 2 AM,
ROOKIE. AND I'M BLOODY
TRANSPARENT. SHE'S
NOT GONNA SPOT ME
UNLESS I SAY
"*BOO*."

ON MOST JOBS,
CLAUDE WOULD *SNEAK*
IN ON HIS OWN, AND
TRANQUILIZE THE
TARGET, WHILE I
WAITED OUTSIDE...



...FOR THE
"ALL CLEAR."

KABOOM



AND AS THE DOOR PELTED
ME IN THE *CHEST*,
AND THE HEAT FROM THE
FLAMES SINGED MY SKIN,
I *WONDERED*...



...IF AN *INVISIBLE MAN*
CATCHES ON FIRE, CAN
YOU SEE HIM *BURNING*?





**CLAUDE!
CLAUDE!**



**WHAT
HAPPENED?!**

**THE BITCH
BLEW-UP!**



**DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME!**



**GET THE
BABY!**

HELL'S ANGEL

JESSE ALEXANDER *Story* MICHAEL GAYDOS *Art* ✨ EDGAR © STUDIO F COMICRAFT An INVISIBLE COLLEGE
Colors Lettering Production

THAT WAS THE FIRST
TIME I SAW HER. A
LITTLE ANGEL IN HELL.
MY CLAIRE.





AT THAT MOMENT, I
COULDN'T KNOW THAT
CLAIRE WOULD SOON
BECOME MY *DAUGHTER*.



BUT I KNEW *ONE*
THING FOR CERTAIN.



I WOULD DO *EVERYTHING* IN MY
POWER TO KEEP THIS CHILD *SAFE*.
NO MATTER THE *COST*. NO
MATTER THE *CONSEQUENCE*.



ANY IDEA HOW
TO CHANGE A
DIAPER?

NONE.
BUT I COULD
USE A CHANGE OF
UNDERPANTS
MYSELF.

DON'T WORRY, CLAIRE.
I'LL PROTECT YOU.